AN ELEGY

On the much Lamented, and never to be forgotten Death of the Right Honourable the Earl of *Antrim*, who departed this Life, on Thursday the 19th of this Instant *October* 1721 at his Lodgings near the Round Church in Dublin.

HIbernia now condole the fatal Stroke,
Of Tyrant *Death*, who so soon from you
The Just, the Brave, the Noble *Earl Antrim*(took
Who never interfar'd in any Thing,
That was mean, or below his Quallity;
Or unworthy of's Family:
But cruel *Death*, regardless of's Merit
Has taken him; but 'tis to Inherit
The just Reward of his good Woorks on *Earth*,
Which *God* promis'd the Faithful after *Death*.
Notwithstanding, poor Mortals here below
Cannot but with great Grief their Sorrow shew:
Particularly those, who by'm got *Bread*,
And who by his Bounty dayly were Fed.
Wittness poor *Widdows*, and the *Fatherless*,
Likewise reduc'd *Families*, in Distress.
Also great Numbers of all sorts of Poor,
Who daily got their Bread, from Door to Door,
They all in Sorrow do joyn together,
And thus, vents their Grief to one another:
Alas! what shall we do? now he is gone,
That Supported us, both Noon, Eue and Morn:
We are undone, and no doubt will Perish,
For there's but few like him, will us Cherish,
Thus the Poor together, does Contemplate,
Their great Loss, and poor distressed State,
The Rich likewise, are not free from sorrow,
And can no respit from their Griefs borrow,
His Friends in pensive Sadness they do Mourn,
That Ear Antrim is laid in's peaceful Urn:
'Twould pitty Adamantine Hearts to see,
The Disorder that's in his Family;
Their pittious Moans, and sad Lamentations,
Their Tears, and Sobs, without Dissimulation,
Can't be Express'd; but in relenting Strain,
Which my weak Abillity can't well explain.
But now in Silence, let him go to Rest,
Among the Just; forever to be Blest:
With Saints and Angels, and blest Trinity,
There to remain, in true Felicity.

EPITAPH.

HEre lyes the *Body of a Noble* Lord,
Whose eminent Parts deserves Record:
He was Religious, Pious, Meek *and* Mild,
Without hurt, or harm, like a new born Child;
And's gone now, to the Mansions of the Blest,
With Saints, *and* Angels, *fore'r there to Rest.*